

PS

3519

U45J5



Jingles
for
Singles






Class PS 3519

Book 445J5

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Jingles *for* Singles

Verses



Decorations

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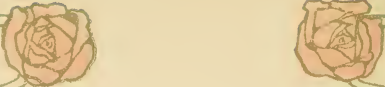
A
MOTHER GOOSE
FOR
LOVERS' USE

Dedicated to All Lovers, of the
Past, Present and Future, and to Dan
Cupid and the Little Birds no less.




AWAY! Birds! Away!
You are little, but not a little
Thru you do lovers gain,
For oft it's true, success is due
To Cupid first,
But next, to you!





LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Reading, I've heard, one day,
When Somebody spied her,
And sat down beside her;
A bride is Miss Muffet this day!





A RING! a ring! and roses!
Who the man she chose is,
No need to ask her —
We've all known long.

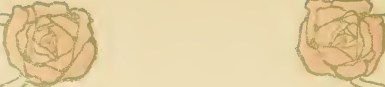
A ring! a ring! and roses!
Now the man she chose is
Glad! Glad!
The wall's fallen down!






AS she came thru the garden gap,
Whom should she meet but
Dick Red Cap!
Flowers in his hand, and a catch
in his throat —
But the thing he said not — she found
in a note!





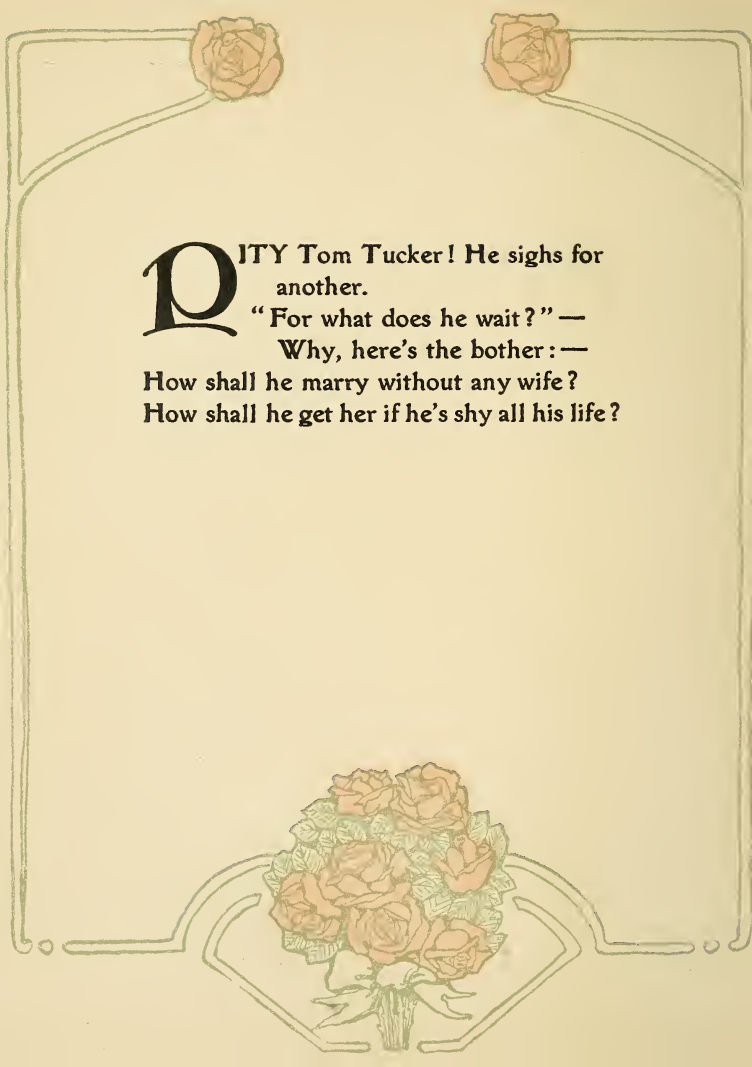
LITTLE BoPeep has lost her sleep,
And I know where to find it—
In a letter, quite long,
That somehow went wrong—
But I'll not tell who signed it!





HERE was a young woman who
lived in a stew ;
She'd so many lovers she didn't
know what to do,
Till Cupid, one day, *his* choice of them
read,
And made a solution quite easy, 'tis said !






DITY Tom Tucker! He sighs for
another.

“For what does he wait?” —

Why, here's the bother: —


How shall he marry without any wife?

How shall he get her if he's shy all his life?



HE saw Margery Daw,
On the avenue passed her;
He shall say whatever he may —
T've seen him walk much faster!

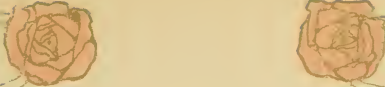




No prettier house than Jack built!

BUT Jack, poor lad, was all forlorn,
His heart with love was tattered,
torn,
And sorrowing he rose each
morn;
Sad was the house that Jack built!

Ah me! his heart was crumpled, torn!
Till, on a wond'rous happy morn,
He won the maid! Then what?—
Forlorn?—
Glad was the house that Jack built!




THESE was a maid in our town,
And she was wond'rous wise!
She found that Someone loved
her,
Just by looking in his eyes!

So when she saw his heart was gone!—
Oh, joy for lovers twain!—
She gave him hers, for well she knew
That heart for heart, is gain.

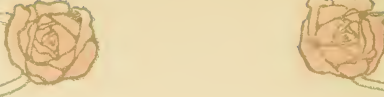







DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY is seen
on the down,
In her yellow petticoat and her
green gown ;
Daffy-down-dilly with Spring shall depart,
While she who is fairer, dwells on in my
heart.





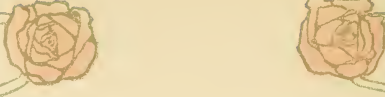
GOOSIE, goosie, gander !
Thought that he could wander !
Anywhere, everywhere,
Nor grow fond and fonder
Of some maiden — somewhere —
Nor make his lover's prayer —
But the maiden's sweetness
Taught him wisdom rare.





PETER, Peter, once you meet her,
None, you'll own is fairer,
sweeter!
But to win's another tale—
Hearken Peter, e'er you meet her!






UPON my word and honor,
As I went up to Bonner
My heart was lead for pretty Meg,
As I went up her hand to beg,
Went sadly up to Bonner.

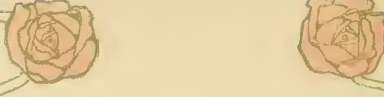
But on my word of honor
As I came back from Bonner
The birds sang all, and on each twig
The very leaves danced all a jig—
As I came back from Bonner!





DASHING Jack Horner,
Stood on a corner,
Heaving a dismal sigh!
He looked very glum,
For altho' she had come,
The fair and unknown — passed by.






I'D tell you her story
Of fame and of glory
The which the maid said must be
won,

But that there's another
Of "More than a brother,"
And so, that first story, is none.






A MILLER, a daughter
Content, for love taught her
What well she proved full soon,
That came he not at ten o'clock,
He'd surely come at noon!





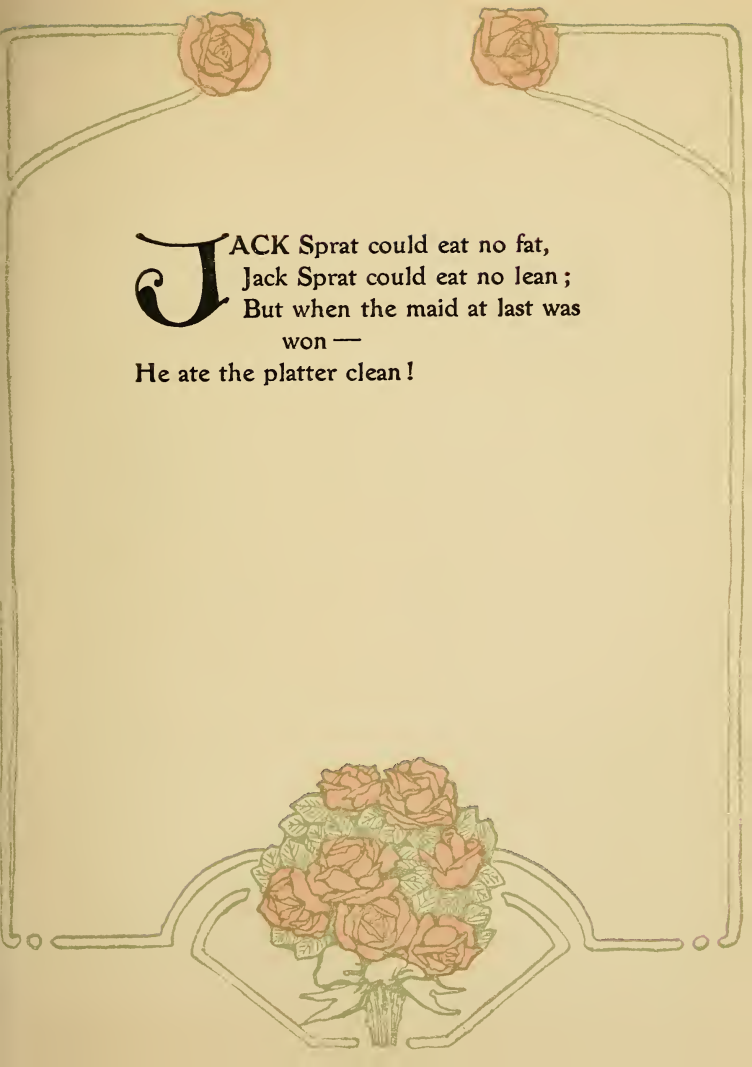


HEY diddle diddle,
Lass, lad and fiddle,
A round, low, summer's moon ;
A breeze to waft
Their little craft,
And they'll be wed — full soon !



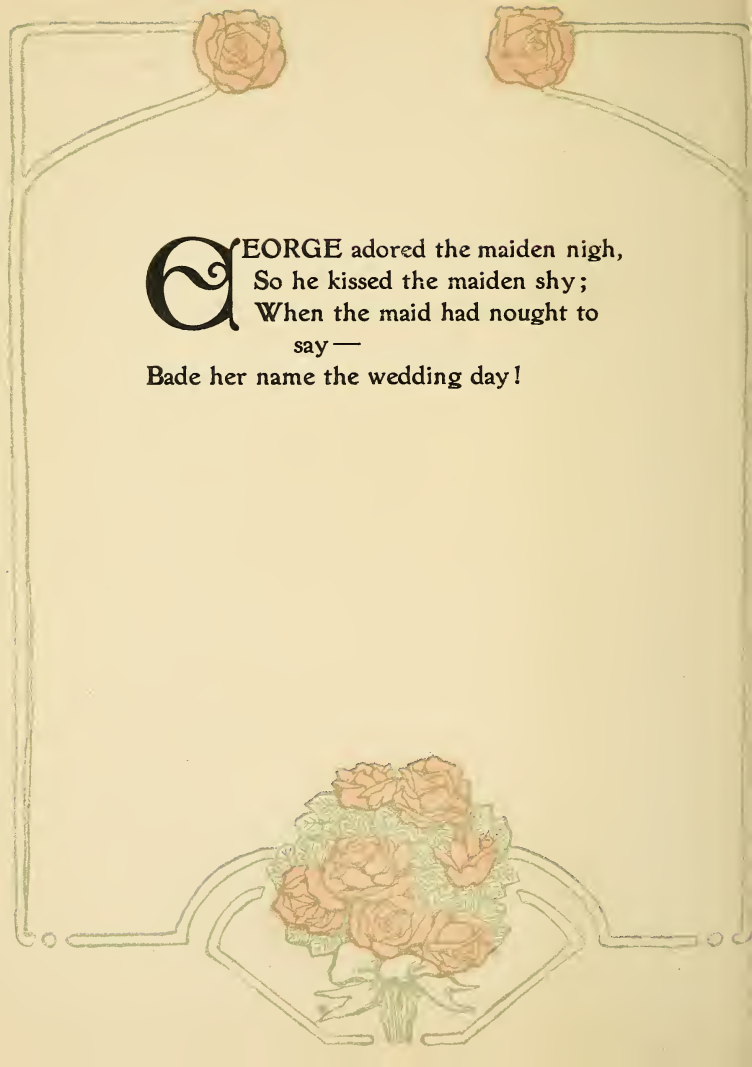
ARK! hark! the dog doth bark,
And Betty is wearing a frown;
Ah! well *he* may brag
Who gets the dog's *wag*,
And sees Betty come smilingly down,






JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
Jack Sprat could eat no lean;
But when the maid at last was
won —
He ate the platter clean!





GEORGE adored the maiden nigh,
So he kissed the maiden shy;
When the maid had nought to
say —

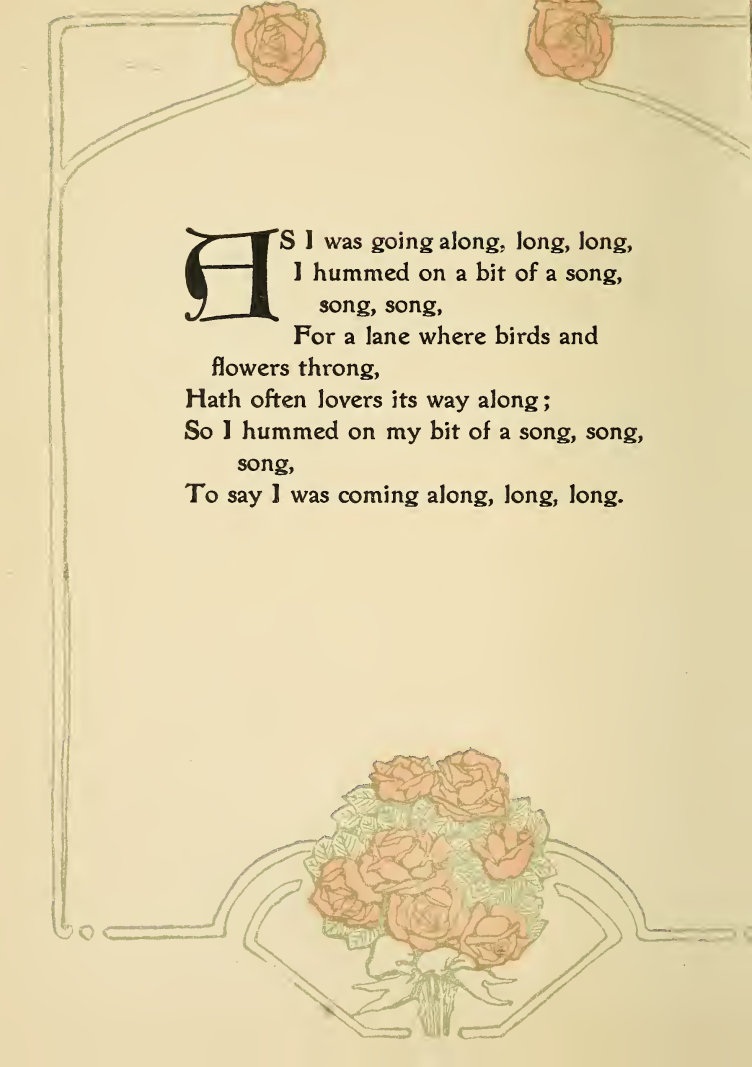
Bade her name the wedding day!




JACK met Jill upon the hill —
A winsome, fetching daughter! —
Jack met Jill upon the hill —
Perhaps—because he sought her!

Jack met Jill upon the hill;
It cheered his heart like laughter;
She came anon unto the town,
And, think you, he came “after”?





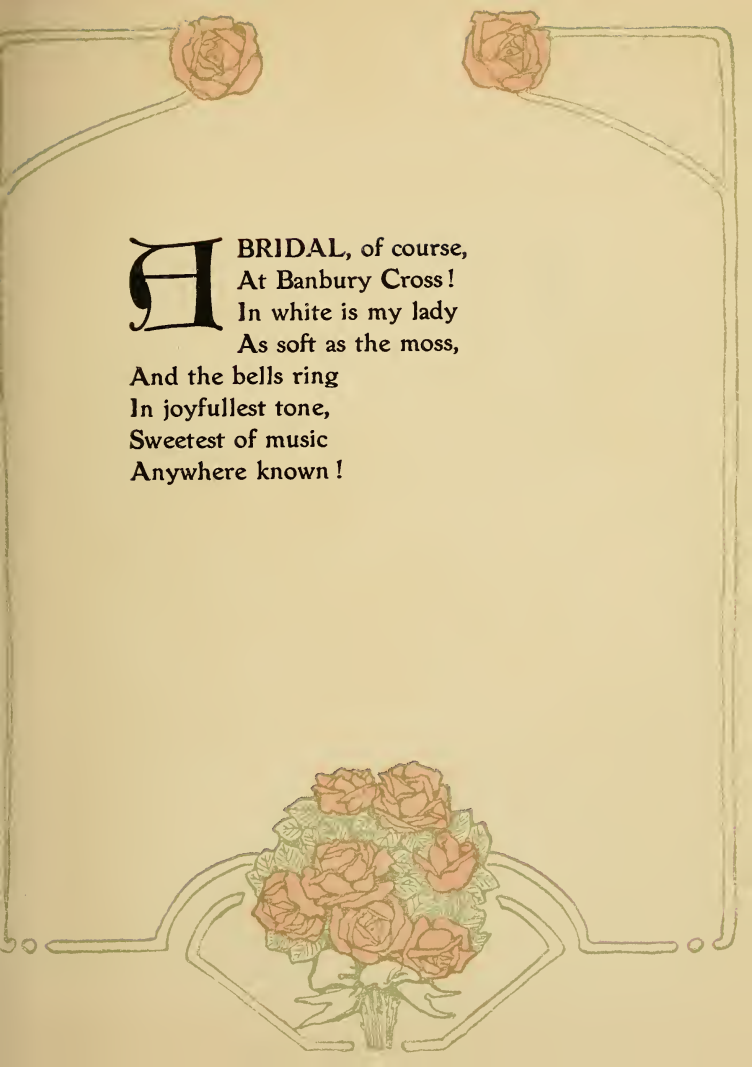
AS I was going along, long, long,
I hummed on a bit of a song,
song, song,
For a lane where birds and
flowers throng,
Hath often lovers its way along;
So I hummed on my bit of a song, song,
song,
To say I was coming along, long, long.




TOM, Tom is the wisest son !
Cold was Peggy, colder, none ;
But soon, 'twas sweet her Tom
to meet ;
So Tom goes smiling down the street.








A BRIDAL, of course,
At Banbury Cross!
In white is my lady
As soft as the moss,
And the bells ring
In joyfullest tone,
Sweetest of music
Anywhere known!



I LOOKED, and saw a man
Who'd come a hurried mile,
Meet a pretty maiden
Beside a crooked stile ;

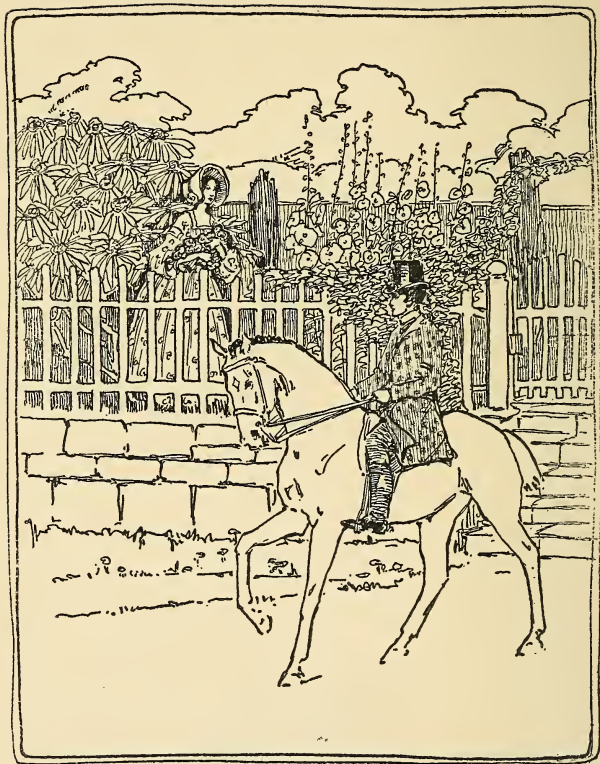
I saw her nod a "Yes",
All timid as a mouse,
And soon their talk was much about,
"A cosy little house."





IF all the world were
apple-bloom —
The lea were petals pink —
It yet would need Her nearing
tread
To make it Spring, I think.

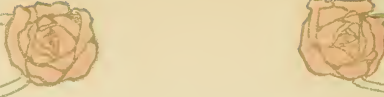




Maiden Mary, sweet and airy,
How does your garden grow?




Silver bells and knotted veil,
And pretty maids all in a row!



WEDDING cake! Wedding cake!
baker man!
Bake up the cake as quick as you
can,
For Father's approved it! marked it
O. K.!—
So the cake may be needed now, any day!

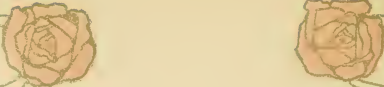




ST. SWITHIN'S day, tho' thou
dost rain,
My bridal day thou shalt remain,
And tho' thou rain, thou shall
be fair
That gives me her forevermore!

St. Swithin's day, tho' thou dost rain,
My brightest day thou shalt remain,
And from thy dawning, grey or fair,
Within my life, 'twillrain no more.






BOBBY Shaftoe's gone to see
Sylvia, upon his knee
To ask her, "Will you marry
me?" —

Pity Bobby Shaftoe!


Bobby's step is light as air
Coming down his Sylvia's stair ;
He'll be loved for evermore —
Happy Bobby Shaftoe!






PETER White
Is a happy sight! —
Would you know the reason
why? —

'Twere folly, you know,
A sad face to show
After the maid says, "Aye!"



HERE am I
Maiden Joan,
When Somebody's with me —
We're always alone.

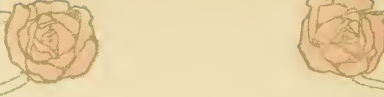




THERE was a fair maiden both
dainty and small,
Who rejoiced in loving—just no
man at all!

One opened his heart to its utmost extent,
And to it, all helpless, all happy, she went!






WERRILY the Maiden talked,
And "Hum" quoth He,
While they two walked the
garden thru,
As once did we.

In his eyes, anxious eyes,
What did you see?
"I . . . love . . . the maiden . . . but
Does . . . she . . . love . . . me?"






SIMPLE youth and simple maiden,
Just a heedless pair ;
Time goes by, and soon, they
find them
Lovers unaware.

Simple question to the maiden,
Asked with anxious care —
Dimpled Susan was to answer —
Question? — It was fair!


Simple question, “ Shall we wed?
Objections have you many?”
Simple was the answer low —
“ Indeed I have not any!”





JACK be nimble!
Jack be quick!
Or see some other the damsel
take!






HERE was perhaps a Queen of
hearts,
Who baked one summer's day,
And too, a knave who found the
tarts

And took them quite away ;

But now I sing another Queen —
Another summer's day —
Another, better, wiser man —
He bore the *girl* away !

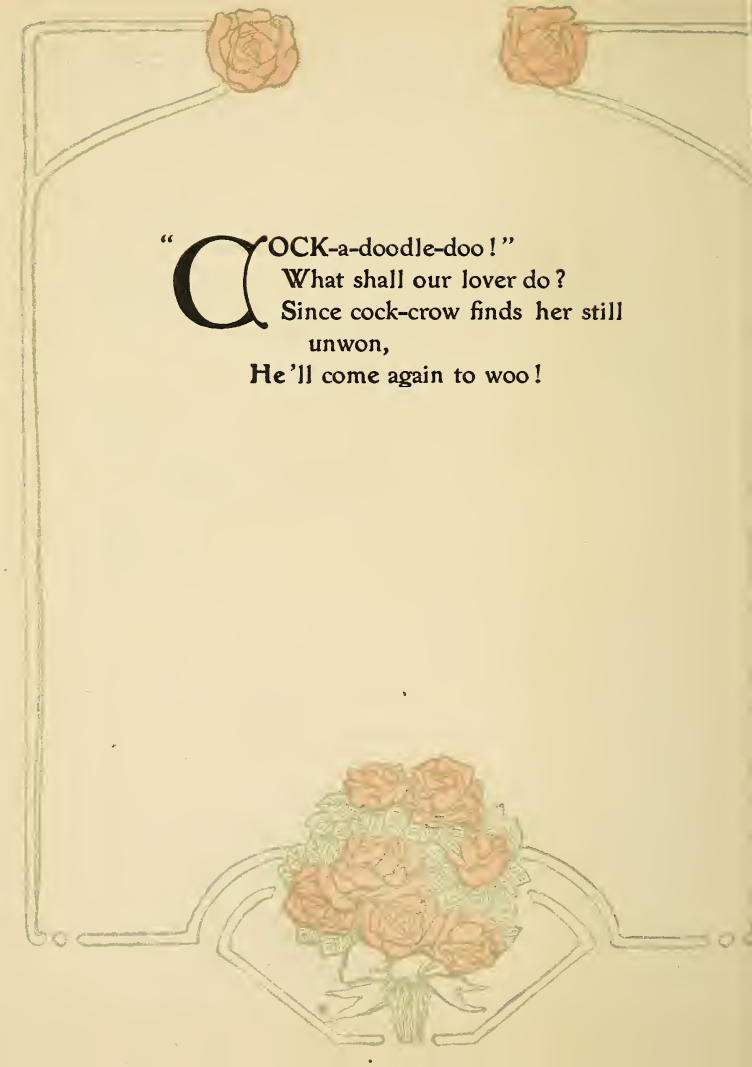







DR. Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain,
Sing “Hey diddle diddle!” —
What matters a puddle
When there’s a lass to gain?





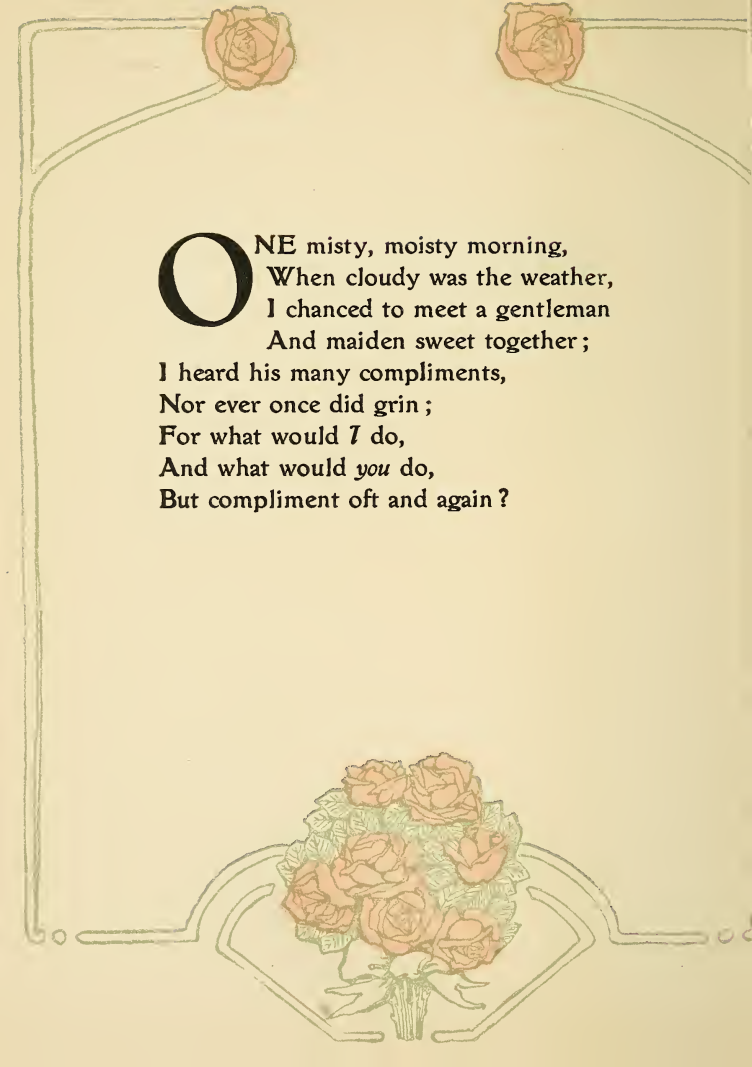
“COCK-a-doodle-doo!”
What shall our lover do?
Since cock-crow finds her still
unwon,
He'll come again to woo!




SING a song of *suspense*
And sparkling, merry eyes,
Of more than twenty lovers
With aching hearts, and sighs.

When the rites are over,
There'll be but one to sing —
To whom my lady deigns to list,
For *him* the bells shall ring.



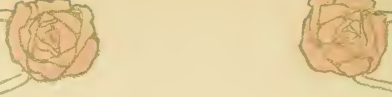


ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet a gentleman
And maiden sweet together ;
I heard his many compliments,
Nor ever once did grin ;
For what would *I* do,
And what would *you* do,
But compliment oft and again ?




AYE, glad she was and bonny,
As the fragrant apple-spray
That opening in the April,
Delights beside the way;
And wistfully he passed her
On the road that took him nigh her,
Until there came a happy day
When he was always by her.





TEA parties one, tea parties two,
Nods, smiles and calling cards,
Walks and rides, a few ;
Some say they're not engaged,
Others say 'tis true,
And I do not see a thing
Would say they're *not*, do you?



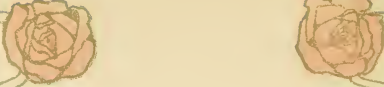


PRETTY maid, pretty maid,
where have you been?
Each cheek a rose is, fit for a
queen —

Little maid, little maid, do I guess
true? . . .

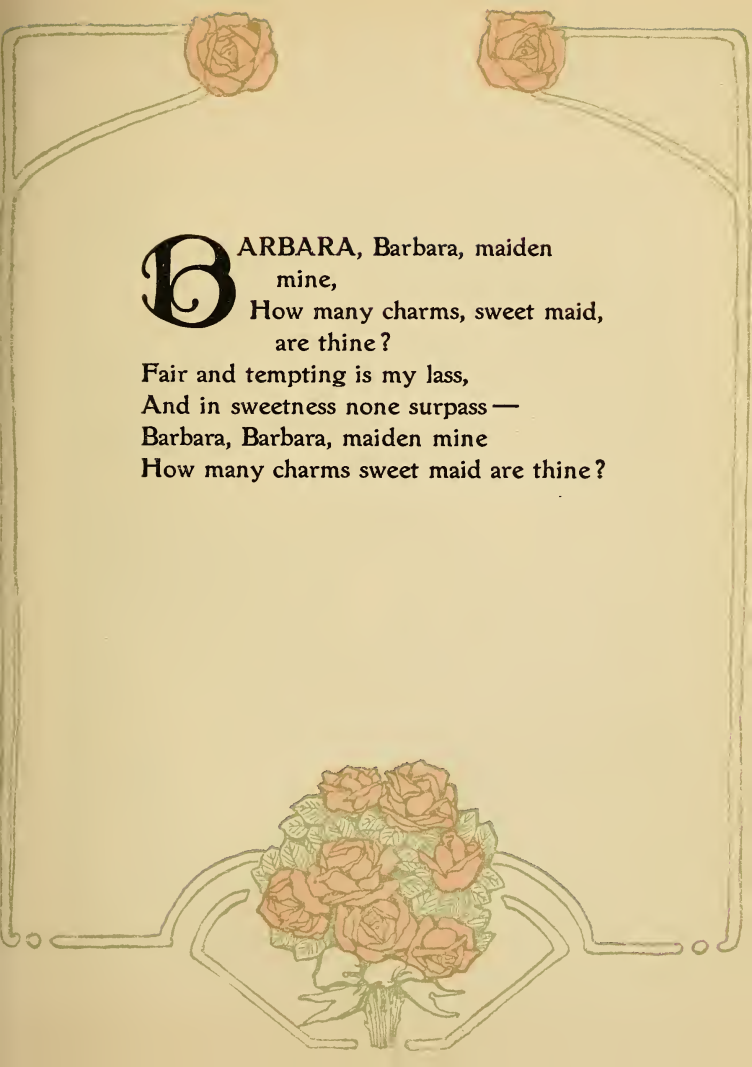
He whom you love said, "I love you."





HAVENDER blue and rosemary
green . . .
If I were king . . . would you be
queen ?






BARBARA, Barbara, maiden
mine,
How many charms, sweet maid,
are thine?

Fair and tempting is my lass,
And in sweetness none surpass —
Barbara, Barbara, maiden mine
How many charms sweet maid are thine?

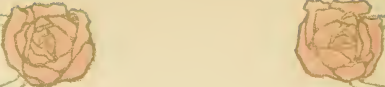




PRETTY coy Sue, say you're my
own!
We're in the meadow, and quite
alone . . .


E'en the little boy who looks after the
sheep,
Is under the haycock, fast asleep.





THE rose's red, the violet's blue,
The sweet of the pink are all in
you ;
Roses your cheeks, and violets
blue
Your lovely eyes of fairest hue,
And the sweet of the pink — is you, just
you.



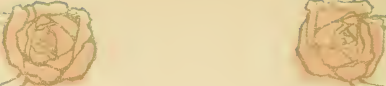


“**D**ING! Dong!”, Bell,
Of Kitty’s wedding tell;
“Ding! Dong! Bell!”
In the chapel in the dell.

Who’ll lead her in?
Her father William Green,
Who’ll lead her out?
Her happy Johnny Stout;


Little thought he joy like this
Would one day be his own,
When first he sought with love’s alarms,
To coax the prize from father’s arms.





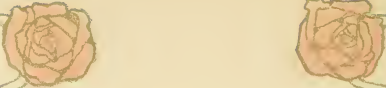
THERE was a sorry miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
No song he sang from morn
till night;
No mortal sad as he;
For this the burden of his plaint
Was doomed for aye to be:—
“I care for nobody, no alas,
And nobody cares for me!”





WITCHINGLY pretty was black-
eyed Nan !
She delighted every man ;
Gentlemen came every day,
And all she meant to send away —
But — her black eyes bade one to stay !





WHERE are you going, my pretty
maid?
“I’m going a-milking, sir”, she
said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

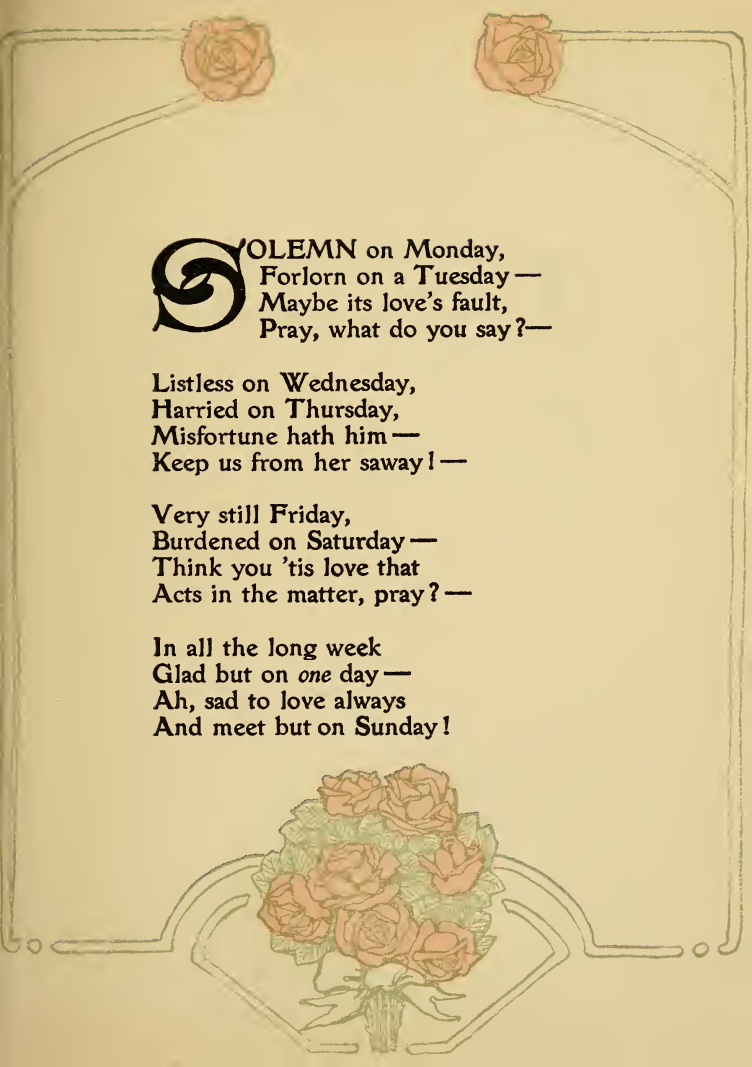
“What is your fortune, my pretty
maid?”

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then why can’t we marry, my pretty
maid?”

“Another has asked me, sir,” she said.



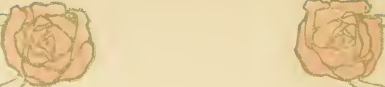


SOLEMN on Monday,
Forlorn on a Tuesday —
Maybe its love's fault,
Pray, what do you say?—

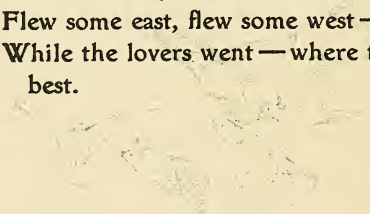
Listless on Wednesday,
Harried on Thursday,
Misfortune hath him —
Keep us from her saway! —


Very still Friday,
Burdened on Saturday —
Think you 'tis love that
Acts in the matter, pray? —

In all the long week
Glad but on *one* day —
Ah, sad to love always
And meet but on Sunday!



INTO the meadow and thru the
corn,
And by the seat neath the apple
thorn,
Wandered I by stream and rock;
And the birds, in a flock
Flew some east, flew some west —
While the lovers went — where they liked
best.






SEE saw scaradown,
Which is the way to Lover's
town?
One glance up, the other down;
That is the way to Lover's Town.



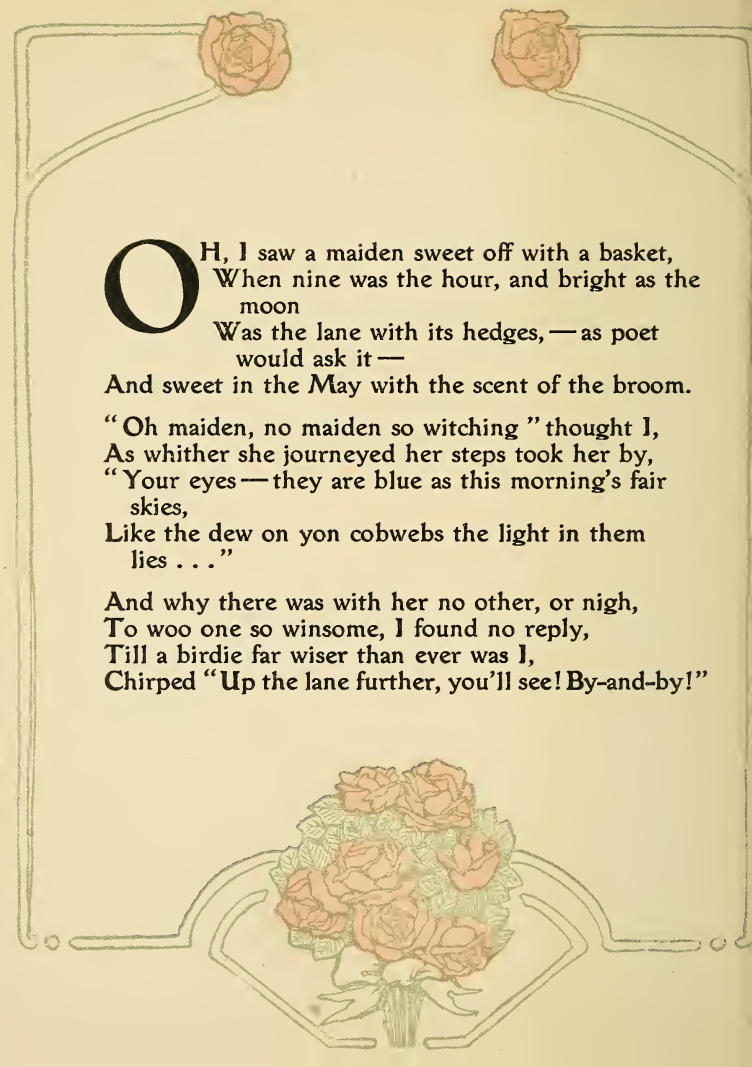




RAIN, rain, do remain,
Lovers need you not in Spain,
Balcony and serenade
Have they there, and ask thine
aid?

So rain, do remain ;
More our need than theirs in Spain.





OH, I saw a maiden sweet off with a basket,
When nine was the hour, and bright as the
moon
Was the lane with its hedges, — as poet
would ask it —

And sweet in the May with the scent of the broom.

“Oh maiden, no maiden so witching” thought I,
As whither she journeyed her steps took her by,
“Your eyes — they are blue as this morning’s fair
skies,

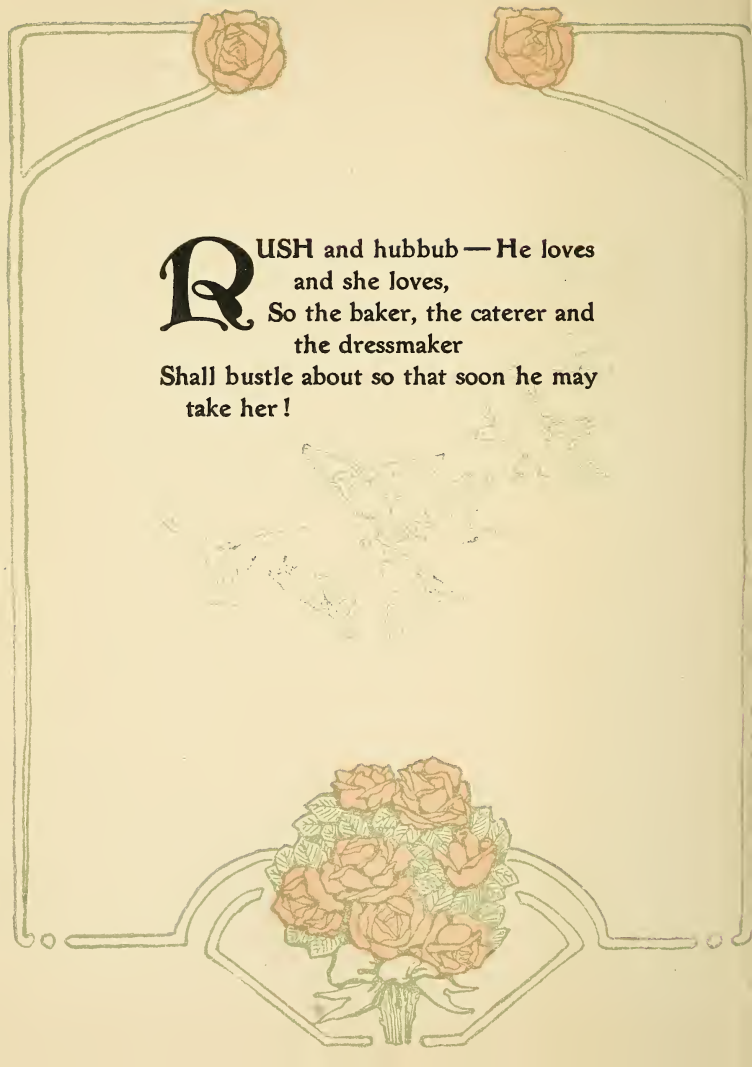
Like the dew on yon cobwebs the light in them
lies . . .”

And why there was with her no other, or nigh,
To woo one so winsome, I found no reply,
Till a birdie far wiser than ever was I,
Chirped “Up the lane further, you’ll see! By-and-by!”

AS I was going up Primrose Hill,
Met I maiden Betsey;
Betsey is a pretty miss!—
And she dropped me a curtsey!


Little Miss, pretty Miss,
There is that about you,
Makes me think there'll come a day
I cannot live without you!






RUSH and hubbub — He loves
and she loves,
So the baker, the caterer and
the dressmaker
Shall bustle about so that soon he may
take her !







A GREAT love, little kiss-bound to
be,
When they're together, and
none to see!





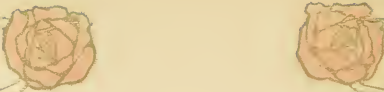
THERE was an old owl lived in
an oak,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Wheedle,
And all the words he ever spoke
Were, "Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle";
And lovers who came oft that way,
Were rather glad he naught could say,
Save, "Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle".





THERE was a fair maiden lived
under the hill,
If she had not loved, she'd be
there still.






HE'S blind thrice,
He's blind thrice,
Who sees it not that joy is rife
And sweetest charm, within his
life

Who calls a loving lass his wife —
Yea, blind thrice.

He's blind thrice,
He's blind thrice,
Who sees it not that all his life
He ailing goes who lacks a wife,
Whose day with gloomy hours is rife —
Yea, blind thrice.






AS I walked by myself,
All alone by myself,
An elf there came to me;
Said he, "Look to thyself!

Take care of thyself!
For Somebody cares for thee".

Then I answered this elf,
This mischievous elf,
In blithesome repartee,
"Thanks to thyself,
For the luck to myself,
For now, there a wedding shall be".

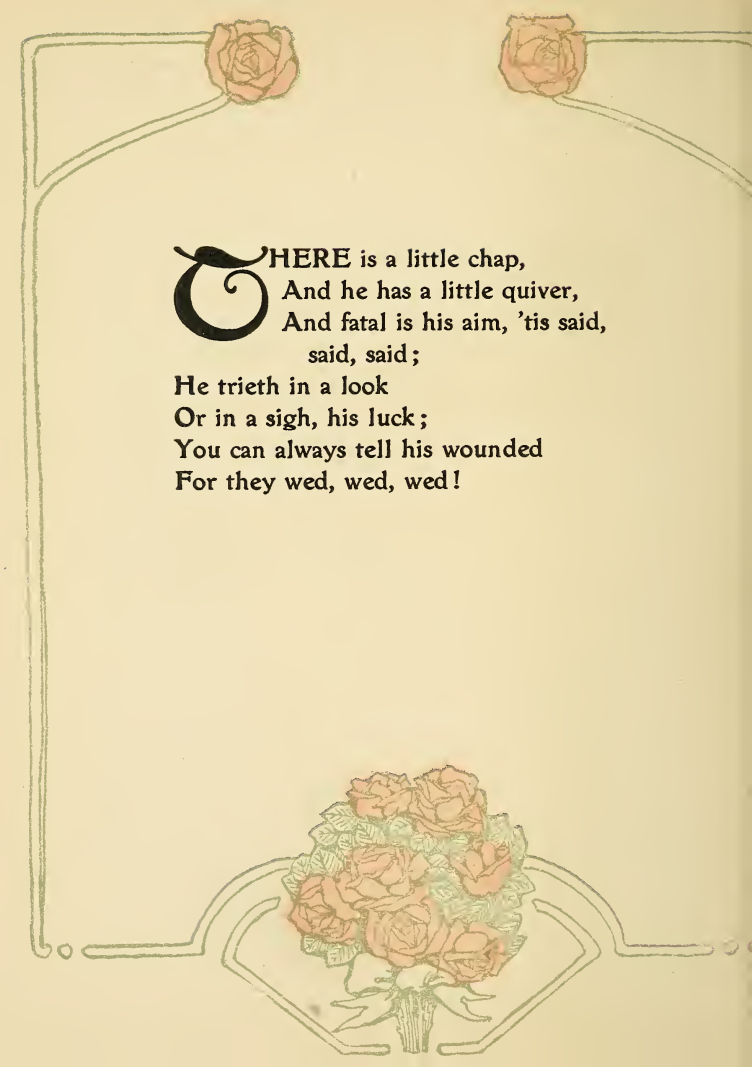







DIT! . . . Pat! . . .
From under my hat,
By courgae, I see, forsaken,
So the course you would take
I shall help you to make,
If I'm not mistaken.





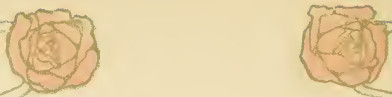
THERE is a little chap,
And he has a little quiver,
And fatal is his aim, 'tis said,
said, said;

He trieth in a look
Or in a sigh, his luck;
You can always tell his wounded
For they wed, wed, wed!



DAINTY maid Belinda,
By the open window,
Dreaming as I suppose;
A maid within, who sought her
Stole up and kissed the daughter,
And why she blushed, nobody knows!






WHAT are lover's joys made of,
made of?
What are lover's joys made of?
Kisses, and mail and the happy
love tale,
And that's what their joys are made of.

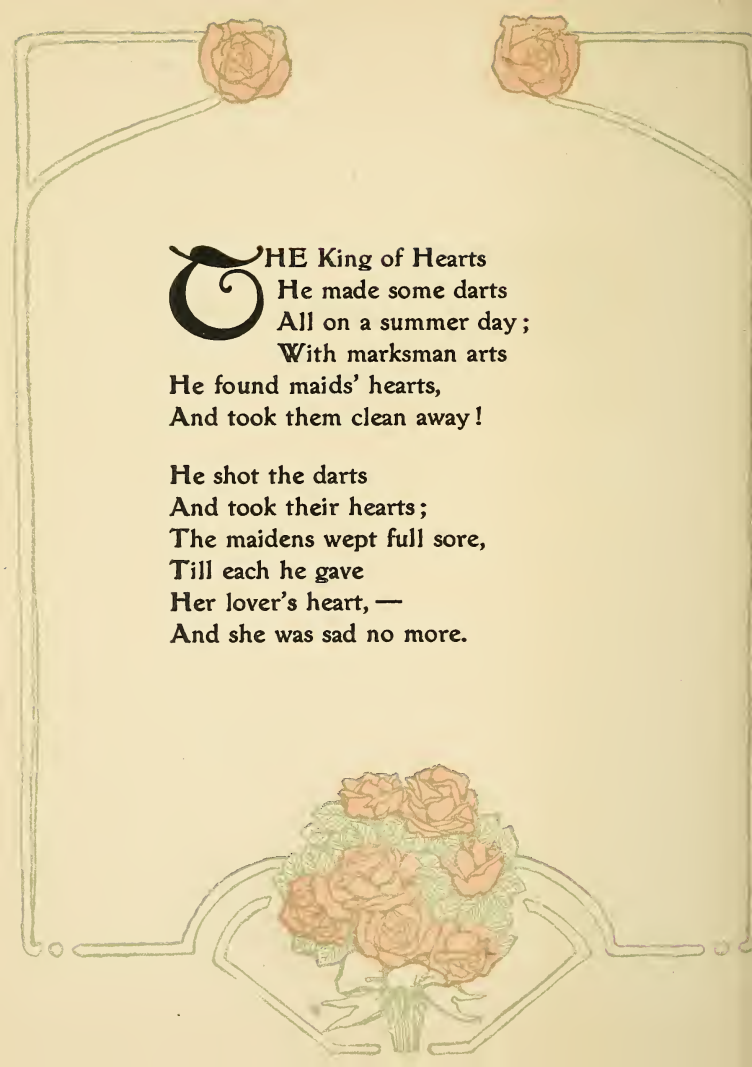
What are their quarrels made of, made of?
What are their quarrels made of?
Very grave things that are—nothing at all!
And that's what their quarrels are made of.

What are engagements made of, made of?
What are engagements made of?
Sugar — and — spice — alas, yes — but
they're nice!
And that's what engagements are made of.






OLD thing, old
Is love we are told;
And a wary young soul is he
Whose craft and whose art
Shall save him his heart,
But merry, he can not be.



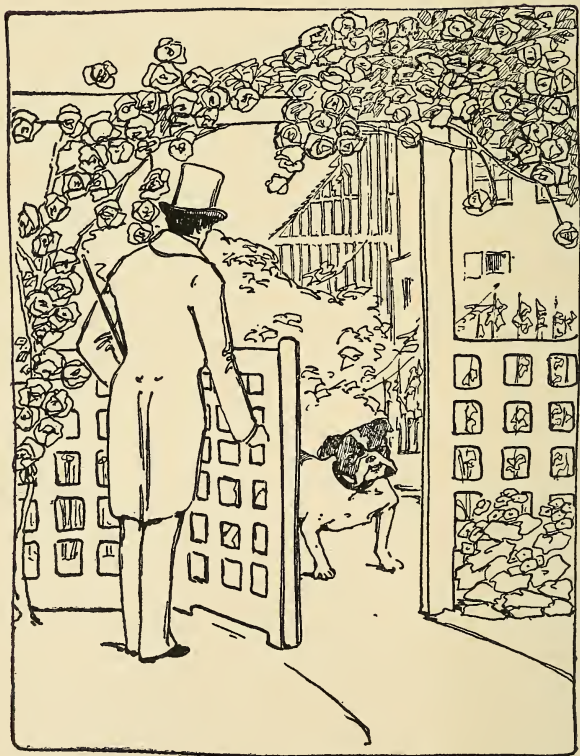
THE King of Hearts
He made some darts
All on a summer day ;
With marksman arts
He found maids' hearts,
And took them clean away !

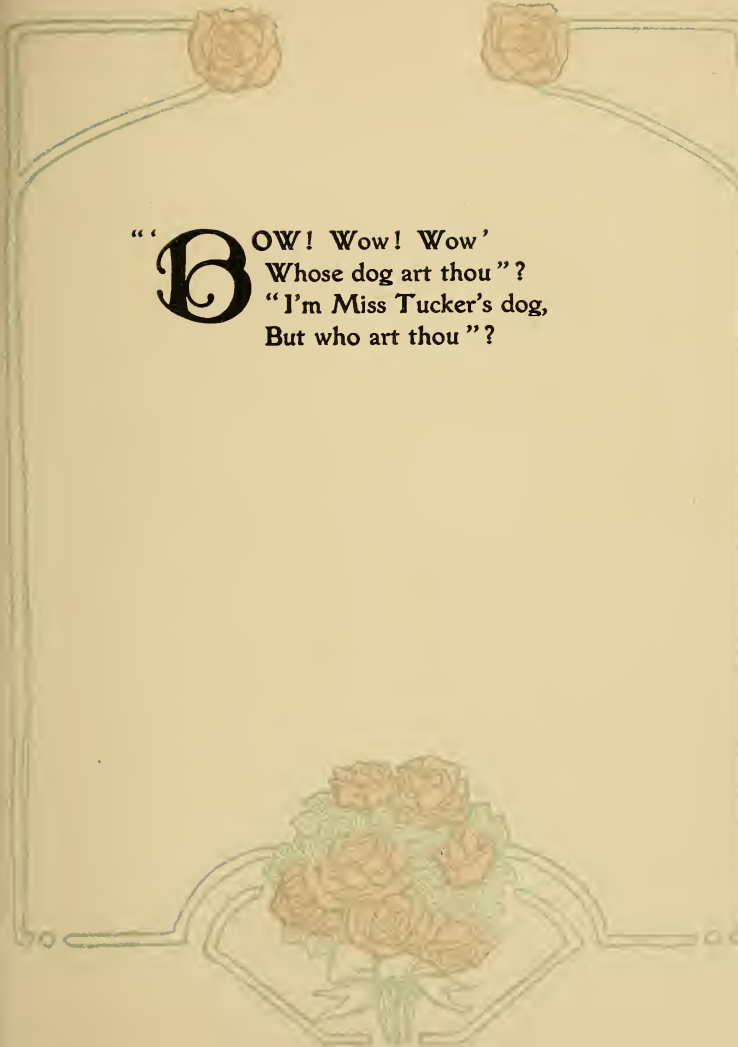
He shot the darts
And took their hearts ;
The maidens wept full sore,
Till each he gave
Her lover's heart, —
And she was sad no more.



ACROSS the patch,
The mossy patch,
To the violets that are kin
To the eyes I love
The rest above,
Whose favor I would win.









“**B**OW! Wow! Wow’
Whose dog art thou”?
“I’m Miss Tucker’s dog,
But who art thou”?





WANY a maiden daunting,
Cupid's gone a-hunting;
Gone to make them happy kin
Who, haply else, — had
strangers been !






LITTLE Miss Hubbard
One day discovered
That she was not happy alone,
So when next he came there,
Her heart she laid bare,
And with coaxing, our laddie had done.

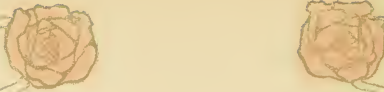






ALACK-a day! she sat on the
wall,
And her hair had the glory of
leaves in the Fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's
men,
Can't give him a bachelor's heart again!

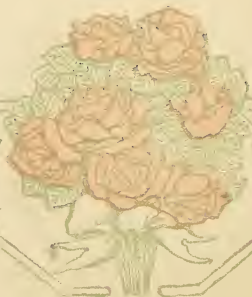





ROCKS of my lady
When the wind blows —
E'en more bewitching
Than when in repose!

Voice of my lady,
Tender and low,
Voice of the zephyrs
Thru treetops that go.

Eyes of my lady,
Tranquil and deep —
Pools, where reflections
Of violets sleep.





Heart of my lady,
'Tis the red rose,
Rare with the fragrance
Its petals enclose.

May the dawn break,
And soon, when I call
My lady my own,
Who's my idol, my all!





SAN FRANCISCO

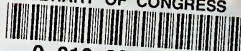


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A
Mother Goose
for
Lovers' Use.

